

# SMALL ADS.

## BY CHANCE.

"I know exactly why Jack called me 'ner,' but I suppose it was because I'm years older than he was and be-  
cause he was a wee tottler, I did  
kiss him and showed him how to spin  
perhaps because I used to help him  
scribble, either with his teacher or  
playmate too large for him to 'lick.'  
Events, I got the name and it has  
to me. What surprised me most, how-  
ever, to hear it a few weeks ago, when  
saw Jack was thousands of miles  
away. I was strolling leisurely about  
for a landmark of the 'stamping ground'  
of childhood. How things had changed!  
where the little frame church had  
been a stately stone edifice; over the  
place where birds had been the tall  
and houses, but there—yes, it must  
have been a house that had not been  
there."  
"Ner," said a voice behind me,  
"that the house where Alice lived?"  
"I should have known the speaker  
hadn't been for the epithet; it was Jack,  
born and gray and looking 35 instead  
of 15, old boy, what brings you here?  
You were in America."  
"I've been in New Orleans for a good  
years; Helen used to like the climate.  
The company's agent here has left and

"I need to come and take care of the needs until another man is appointed," the president said. "I don't know where, and thought it would be both good for me and the country to come from my surroundings and a place to see the old place. But isn't this old home?"

"I said I—I am quite sure of it; but I thought to know best; didn't she need a sweetheart of yours?"

"Don't speak of that! You pain me! Go back with a flood of sad recollections to look upon the old scenes. I know that you have heard, but I am a stranger."

"Poor fellow! I extend you my most kind sympathies. I didn't know you ever married. However, we have such a poor track of each other that I wonder at my ignorance. But can't I render a little something of yourself? Come, my governor."

"My governor," said he with a faint smile of his old smile, "I left for America six years ago. I went straight to Quebec and there three years. It was there that I met a woman who became my wife. It was just six years and last month. Her

railed and we went south. She grew gave birth to our first child, and that was a little over two years ago. The child is now a fine young man. (Law's) I consented to come here." Jack, what made you come America? Didn't you stay here?"

"It was the same old talent that it was the same old tale of the workman not being fit to marry. As you said, Alice was my sweet. She said so herself, dear girl, but other Tom—there was the difficulty. You see Alice very much loved me as my wife, though I was but 19, said, 'Yes' but Tom wouldn't hear of letting her turn him around by all means, but he was resolute. He said, 'I liked you, and I loved you, and I mean to marry you, but I won't be your wife, so in fact, he took great pleasure in me before me, as well as behind me.'"

"A night—I think it was halloo—when a young fellow got out on a large sport took Tom's small donkey the shed, and pushing it upon the wagon house, which sloped al-

[illegible]

turned red, then white, as he looked at me, and then placed at my feet. "I suppose she lives there now," he said.

"I don't know," I replied; "but I know one."

As the persons passed, but all seemed in haste, so we went into a store across the street and inquired. Yes, Tom Neal and her lived there. Did we know them? No, his sister was not married; she had flown off in America fifteen years, so I said.

"Jack," said I, after we came out, "you're a matchmaker, but if, as you say, you're always had a warm affection for her, why don't you begin again?"

"Too late,"

"I brushed to the roots of his hair and should never go there after having shown the door.

"And I lived together at the same time and daily I spoke to him of going to a friend. At last, the day before we returned to New Orleans, I got him near Neal's home. We passed it six times, and I kept saying to Tom: 'Foolish

turned red, then white, as he looked at her, and then glanced at me. "You suppose she lives there now?" he asked.

"I am sure I don't know," I replied; "but ask some one."

"I asked several persons passed, but all seemed in a hurry, so we went into a store across the street and inquired. The man at the counter lived there. Did we know them?"

"No, his sister was not married; she had eloped in America fifteen years, so I did not know."

"Jack," said I, after we came out, "you're not a matchmaker, but if, as you say, you've always had a warm affection for her, why don't you begin again?"

"Too late," he said.

"I should be to the roots of his hair and blushed never to go there after having shown the door."

"I and I lived together at the same address and daily I spoke to him of going to a friend. At last, the day before he was to return to New Orleans, I got him out of Neal's home. We passed it six or seven times, and I began to feel foolish, menacing up and down the street. He stopped in front of the gate and waved his hand to me to open it, but drew back a young schoolboy. Then I told him I had had enough of such fooling and that when we approached again we were to go in. We came up, I opened the gate and pushed him forward up the stairs."

"Treas, 'governor,'" he gasped, "ring the bell for me!"

"Neal came to the door and greeted us as if he had never seen us."

"I," said he, "I owe you an apology—excuse me for years. I found out that that work with the donkey and I'm never treated you as I did."

"I told you to chat of old times, and shortly he came down stairs. She was the same I had known, only matured. I felt at that she had seen us before we entered, she was dressed in her loveliest. She looked not quite like a sweetheart, but worthy."

"I was good to tell them of Jack's diffidence and what a hard time he had to get him."

"I was a little displeased that

not come before, and when we said  
ing about sailing, Alice exclaimed:  
ng! What! Are you going back?"  
returned Jack, demurely, "I start  
ow. . .  
hummed to herself a moment, then  
o him and taking his hands in her  
aid:  
I, I don't suppose that you shall go  
me. I have loved you, and you  
once asked me to be your wife, but  
e separated. I know you are too  
to ask me again, so I ask you to be  
band."